

C L I T O :

A

P O E M

O N T H E

Force of Eloquence.

Neque enim ulla non propria *Oratoris* est Res, quæ quidem ornate dici graviterque debeat. Hujus est in dando Consilio de maximis rebus cum dignitate explicata Sententia; ejusdem & languentis populi Incitatio, & effrænati Moderatio. Eadem facultate & Fraus hominum ad perniciem, & Integritas ad salutem vocatur. Quis cohortari ad Virtutem ardentius, quis a Vitiis acrius revocare, quis vituperare Improbos asperius, quis laudare Bonos ornatius, quis Cupiditatem vehementius frangere accusando potest? quis Merorem levare mitius consolando?

Cic. de Oratore, lib. 2. cap. 9.

L O N D O N,

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NOTEBOOK
MAY 10 1910

Spent a day up with the Geologists at the University of Michigan. They were working on the same section as we were, so I was able to get some information from them. They have been working on the section for about a year now. They have found a lot of interesting things, including a fossiliferous limestone, which they believe to be of Cambrian age. They also found a fossiliferous dolomite, which they believe to be of Ordovician age.

Spent the afternoon with the Geologists at the University of Michigan. They were working on the same section as we were, so I was able to get some information from them. They have found a lot of interesting things, including a fossiliferous limestone, which they believe to be of Cambrian age. They also found a fossiliferous dolomite, which they believe to be of Ordovician age.

P R E F A C E.

THE following Poem, whereof Mr. TOLAND is the Author, was handed about a good while in Manuscript before I could get a sight of it; tho, by reason of the differing Characters and Judgments it underwent, I left no stone unturn'd to procure it. And I must confess that after a Friend had at last oblig'd me with it, I could discover none of those monstrous, pernicious, most terrible, and intolerable things which some weak-sighted or envious people reported. But there's something so new and singular in the management of it that highly pleas'd me; and I verily believe that one or two of my acquaintance were frighted, not so much at the Contents, as at the Writer's poetical Liberty in his ranting and ALMANZO R-like strain, as if they thought he would in good earnest buckle on his Armor, or fasten Wings to his shoulders, and go about to perform in person what he would gladly leave others the honour of achieving at his persuasion, contenting himself with such a moderate part of the Action as might probably fall to one man's share. But taking my leave of these Gentlemen, I think my self bound rather to offer my excuses to him for making this publication without his consent. I know Poetry is not his Business, how much soever it may be his Diversion; and that particularly this Scheme of his Studies was never intended to be communicated to the World. I am wholly ignorant what induc'd him first to write it, or why he did it in Verse, which is a Talent on which he was never heard to value himself beyond a Song or such slight performances. But this I learnt, that having given Copies of it to a few private Friends, and these (as it commonly happens) to their Friends,

it came at last into the hands of more persons than were friendly, honest, or judicious, as I need not tell those who heard the strange representations that were made of it; tho I cannot see how it should be displeasing to any, but such as are angry at bottom that Liberty and Religion are prefer'd to Slavery and Superstition. At least there's nothing of it inconsistent with our own establish'd Government and Church, of both which we may without vanity affirm that they are the most excellent of their kinds: no National Religion being less interested, or more rational; and no other Commonwealth being now so free, or having so good a Foundation and Disposition to attain all the perfections of Government. Therefore, after I had fully assur'd my self that the Poem was of his composition, I knew no better way of doing him the office of a true Friend, than by letting every body see how little ground there was for the Complaints of his peevish Accusers. By CLITO is meant a certain eminent Man, who is no more suppos'd to have held this Discourse, or to be of all these Opinions, than the principal persons in PLATO's or CICERO's Dialogues to have said whatever we read of 'em there, tho introduc'd for the dignity of the Subject, and as a mark of the Author's esteem. Mr. TOLAND himself is understood by ADEISIDÆMON, which signifies Unsuperstitious, and is a Name these same Lines demonstrate to be very proper. Whether VICTORINA be only a Fiction, or the designation of a real Mistress, good manners will not let us too curiously enquire: but be this as it will, such a Character was absolutely necessary to assuage that Divinity, which (as the Poets speak) inspir'd him with so much fury before. All the rest is plain enough, and consequently there needs no longer Preface to so short a Book.

C L I T O.

CLITO the Wife, the Generous, and Good,
Better than whom none ever understood
Or Things or Words, wou'd yet distinctly know.

How far the Force of Eloquence cou'd go
To teach Mankind those Truths which they mistake,
And who the noble Task durst undertake,
To him ADEISIDÆMON thus replys:
O thou, whose Age my younger Years supplys
With Virtue's Precepts, and my Country's Love,
What Laws below, or Pow'rs there be above,
Made bold by thy Example, and the Fame
Of antient Heroes (whose immortal Name
Might serve alone all Errors to reform),
I shall the welcom Labor thus perform.

Cumque

B

In

I N common Words I vulgar things will tell,
And in Discourse not finely speak, but well.
My Phrase shall clear, short, unaffected be,
And all my Speech shall like my Thoughts be free ;
Not grave enough to fright the Young away,
Nor yet for elder Company too gay.

B U T when the Crowd I'm chofen to persuade
By long Orations for the purpose made ;
Or by what reaches more with more success,
The labor'd Compositions of the Press :
Then shall my fertil Brain new Terms produce,
Or old Expressions bring again in use,
Make all Ideas with their Signs agree,
And sooner Things than Words shall wanting be.
Harmonious Sounds th' attentive Ear shall please,
While artful Numbers Passions lay or raise ;

Command-

Commanding Vigor shall my Thoughts convey,
And Softness seal the Truth of all I say :
I'll sooth the raging Mob with mildest words,
Or sluggish Cowards rouze to use their Swords.
As furious Winds sweep down whate'er resists,
So shall my Tongue perform whate'er it lists,
With large impetuous Floods of Eloquence
Tickle the Fancy, and bewitch the Sense ;
Make what it will the justest Cause appear,
And what's perplex'd or dark look bright and clear.
Not that I wou'd the wrongful side defend ;
He best protects who's ablest to offend :
As the same Force which serves to curb our Foes,
Can hurt those Friends who on our Love repose,
And for whose sake we wou'd our Lives expose.

THUS arm'd, thus strong, thus fitted to persuade,
I'll Truth protect, and Error straight invade,

Dispel

Dispel those Clouds that darken human sight,
And bless the World with everlasting Light.
A noble Fury dos possess my Soul,
Which all may forward, nothing can control;
The fate of Beings, and the hopes of Men,
Shall be what pleases my creating Pen.

W H O form'd the Universe, and when and why,
Or if all things were from Eternity ;
What Laws to Nature were prescrib'd by J O V E ;
Where lys his chiefest residence above ;
Or if he's only but the World's great Soul ;
Or parts the Creatures are, and God the whole
From whence all Beings their Existence have,
And into which resolv'd they find a Grave ;
How nothing's lost, tho' all things change their Form,
As that's a Fly which was but now a Worm ;

And

And Death is only to begin to be
Som other thing, which endless change shall see ;
(Then why should men to dy have so great fear ?
Tho nought's Immortal, all Eternal are.)
Whether the Stars be numerous Suns, or no,
And what's their use above, or Pow'r below ;
What Planets are inhabited, what not ;
How many new emerg'd, what old forgot ;
If the dull Earth dos turn about the Sun,
Or that bright PHEBUS round this Globe does run ;
Whence the magnetic Force ; how Winds can blow ;
What makes the Ocean duly ebb and flow ;
How com th'alternat Seasons of the Year,
And why the Weather's warm, cold, dull, or clear ;
How Animals and Plants increase their kind,
And what's the source of Life, of Soul or Mind ;
How Stones and Metals, Sands or Shells are fram'd,
Shall only after me be rightly nam'd.

elotT

C

Thus

Thus quick as Thought I unconfin'd will fly
Thro boundless Space, and vast Eternity ;
Nature to me appears in no disguise,
Nor can one Atom escape my prying Eyes.

O Glorious LIBERTY ! for thee I'll prove
The firmest Patron that e'er Tongue did move ;
I'll always execute what you decree,
And be the fatal scourge of Slavery.
Ambitious Tyrants, proud and useless Drones,
I'll first expose, then tumble from their Thrones :
Som their foul Crimes shall expiat by Death,
And som in Exile draw their hated Breath.
Their warlike Troops I shall with ease disband,
And conquer those who all besides command ;
I've known a Senat with som magic words
To Forks and Spades transform their bloody Swords :

Those Hell Ring Braves, who vaunt their Force so loud,

A Patriot's Tongue can humble with the Crowd.

Our fearless Youth (if these are at an end)

Will their own Rights by their own Arms defend,

And punish Nations when they dare offend.

But, by the Soul of him who Julius kill'd,

When I perceive that Oracle fulfill'd,

Which was to me pronounc'd by men Divine,

That *All goes well when Whigs and Tories join;*

I'll sing the Triumphs of the good Old Cause,

Establish Justice, reinthrone the Laws,

Restore the Nation to its perfect health,

Then Pow'r usurpt destroy, and form a Commonwealth.

BUT what in faint Ideas I conceive,

A matchless Hero will by Facts achieve;

That Freedom he restor'd he will maintain,

In courage Merit, and lead Vice restrain.

Our Laws, Religion, Arms, our Coin and Trade,
 All florish under him, before decay'd ;
 In this more safe, more mighty, and renown'd,
 Than if ten thousand Successors he crown'd :
 For oft a just and valiant Prince's Name
 Degenerat Sons by horrid Crimes defame.
 Her BRUTUS Rome had not so long ador'd,
 If he had made himself her Sov'ren Lord.
 O Godlike BRUTUS ! for thy Contry's good
 Thou didst not shrink to shed thy Childress Blood ;
 And sure at home if thou wer't so severe,
 Thou'dst never labor for a Foren Hein.
 But more than Tongues can speak, or Pens improve,
 The World and I expect from WILLIAM's Love,
 His People's Darling, Heav'n's peculiar care,
 The Branch of Peace, and Thunderbolts of War.

THRIC

TH RICE happy they who see thy Youth renew'd,
O potent *Britain* ! thy worst Foes subdu'd,
The proudest Kingdoms for thy Friendship sue,
And all free States their Safety place in you.
Their products East and West shall send to thee,
Both *Indys* gladly will thy Handmaids be ;
The North unlocks her adamantin Door,
And what the South conceals thou shalt explore.
Thy mighty Fleets our Honor will regain,
And the Flag's Triumph e'ry where maintain.
Thy Sons shall reap fresh Laurels near and far,
Umpires of Peace and Leaders still in War.
High Heaven alone shall o'er thy Buildings sway,
And that alone be fairer thought than they.
Submissive Kings shall on thy Senat wait,
While Nations thence expect to hear their Fate.

Let Learning then, and Manners be thy care,
 The Proud to humble, the Distress'd to spare,
 And to free those who slavish Fetters wear.

B U T what if Tyrants ne'er were heard of more ?
 What serves it equal Freedom to restore,
 So long as other Monsters, worse than they,
 Rule all Mankind with a despotic Sway ?
 These are fit Objects of a Hero's rage ;
 But where's the H E R C' L E S to redeem the Age ?

N O longer thus the World shall be misled
 By him that's falsely call'd th'unerring Head.
 His Triple Crown I scornfully will spurn,
 And his proud Seat to heaps of Rubbish turn,
 Fright all his Vassals into Dens and Caves,
 Then smoak to death the sacrilegious Slaves.

The swarming Herds of crafty Priests and Monks,
The Female Orders of Religious Punks,
Cardinals, Patriarchs, Metropolitans,
Franciscans, Jesuits, Dominicans,
And such like barbarous Names Ecclesiastic,
Such superstitious, villanous, fantastic, always with the bark
Coz'ning Rogues I'll evermore disturb,
Sense shall their Doctrins, Force their Malice curb.
Nor will I here desist; all Holy Cheats
Of all Religions shall partake my Threats,
Whether with sable Gowns they show their Pride,
Or under Cloaks their Knavery they hide,
Or whatsoe'er disguise they chuse to wear
To gull the People, while their Spoils they share.
As much as we revere those worthy men
Who teach what's peaceful, necessary, plain;
So much we shou'd such Hypocrits impeach,
As only Jargon, Strife, and Impire preach.

RELIGION'S.

RELIGION's safe, with PRIESTCRAFT is the War,
All Friends to Priestcraft, Foes of Mankind are.
Their impious Fanes and Altars I'll o'erthrow,
And the whole Farce of their feign'd Saintship show;
Their pious Tricks disclose; their murd'ring Zeal,
And all their awful Mysterys reveal;
Their lying Prophets, and their jugling Thieves
Discredit quite; their foolish Books (as Leaves
From Trees in Autumn fall) I'll scatter wide,
And show those Fables which they fain wou'd hide.

WHEN I've perform'd these Feats, new Danger calls;
From Earth I'll soar, and scale high Heaven's Walls
To pull false Gods from thence, that Men may see
There's but one, true, all-perfect DEITY.
Sound Reason is the Law that likes him best,
Of Good and Ill the never-erring Test.

His

His sacred Temple's e'ry good Man's Heart,
Where his choice Gifts he freely dos impart ;
But they deserve and share his first Applause,
Who stake their Lives in their dear Contry's Cause.
An honest Mind is the best Pray'r he needs ;
Paid with good Works, for him no Victim bleeds.
With Forms and Postures he is never pleas'd,
Nor is his Wrath with Bribes to be appeas'd :
But, happy in himself, he neither wants
Ought we can give ; nor greater Bleffing's grants
Than solid Sense, and an industrious Pain,
Riches with this, Wisdom with that to gain.

F R O M this high Steep with hasty flight I'll bend,
And to the Bosom of the Earth descend ;
To those dark Shades I'll introduce the day,
And the vain Terrors of HELL's Court display.

But wicked Deeds shall not unpunish'd go,
Tho not as Priests and Poets falsly show.
Those Old-wives Tales, imaginary Fears,
The Cause of Horror, and the Source of Tears,
I'll soon destroy ; extinguish all their Flames,
Dry up their Rivers, break their rattling Chains,
Poison their Serpents, fright each hideous Form,
Cerberus choak, and *Pluto's* Castle storm,
Legions of Fiends to Atoins I'll reduce,
And leave bad Men no Temter for excuse,
But such leud Thoughts as their vain Fancy draws,
Rebels to Reason's just and easy Laws.
The best Repentance is to sin no more,
And to the Owners what they've lost restore.
Hell's always flaming in a Villain's Mind,
Who's self-condemn'd, abhor'd of all Mankind,
And still suspicious of a Fo behind.

VIRTUE's

VIRTUE's its own Reward ; nor Rage of Foes,
Nor Frowns of Friends can Virtue discompose.
Tho' Malice, Fraud, and Envy may combine,
Spite of their Fury Innocence will shine.
An honest man, when thousands treat him ill,
His conscious Virtue will support him still,
Till undevi'd the World repairs his Fame,
Life yields him Honor, Death a glorious Name.

T H U S powerful *Elaquenes* shall teach the Wife
Vile and absurd Inventions to despise ;
And Fools will mend when abler men exhort,
Or by strict Laws are kept from doing hurt.
But as no Rule without exception is,
So Fools in LEARNING com not under this :
For neither Brains nor Books make them improve,
Nor Laws restrain, so much they Mischief love.

and W

The

The easiest things they speak in Terms uncouth,
 And empty notions hug for solid Truth.
 Sworn Foes to Reason, whose restless Light
 ——Condemns their Pride and Ignorance to Night :
 Slaves to Authority, the Bane of Schools,
 Because all Times have Precedents for Fools:
 If in right ways I cannot such direct,
 I'll spoil their Trade, their Vanity detect:
 As sick men order'd by their Doctors Bills
 To breath that Air which quickly cures or kills ;
 So shall my Words like Thunderbolts be hurl'd,
 And will confound or mend the erring World.

BUT, when from Care's and public Business free,
 Bright VICTORIA my lov'd Theme shall be,
 The softest Words the sweetest Things will tell,
 And all I write or speak be fine and well.

C L I T O.

21

When she inspires, I must great things pursue;
If she approv'd, what Wonders cou'd I do?
I shou'd then all to com' discover more,
And would eclipse those Lights which shin'd before.
But her dear Image calms my raging Breast,
All should be still to lodg to fair a Guest,
Who hating me, I'm curst; or loving, ever blest.

THUS far I spoke; and CLITO all approv'd,
Except what last was said of her I lov'd.
He did not blame my Passion, and allow'd
A virtuous Woman's Heart might well be woo'd;
But that her Hate (like other Ills) the Wise
Shou'd soften first, or, miffing that, despise:

F

For

*For Cowards lose by a too quick Despair,
What's gain'd by nobler Souls who persevere,*

And in Success or Misery Victors are.

WE part; and each went where he wish'd to be,
I to my Study, to his Garden He.

Hold now, give us time in your garden to

Answer you OFTEN have asked, I say, what

most I red to him, when you under me at

Wollen been, and I you could see him ill

F N I S.

With red to him, and I you could see him ill

: Study, said you, as I did, and I could

J U S T U M & tenacem propositi virum
Non civium Ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis Tyranni,
Mente quatit solidam ; neque Auster
Dux inquieti infidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus :
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinas.

Horat. lib. 3. ad. 3.
